The Prologue.

CHORVS.

TWo houſholds both alike in dignitie,
(In faire Verona *where we lay our Scene)*
From ancient grudge, breake to new mutinie.
Where ciuill bloud makes ciuill hands vncleane:
From forth the fatall loynes of theſe two foes,
A paire of Starre-croſt louers take their life:
Whoſe miſaduentur'd pittious ouerthrowes,
Doth with their Death burie their Parents ſtrife.
The fearefull paſſage of their Death-markt loue,
And the continuance of their Parents rage,
Which but their childrens end, nought could remoue:
Is now the two houres traficque of our Stage.
The which if you with patient eares attend,
What here ſhall miſſe, our toyle ſhall ſtriue to mend.

THE MOST EXCELLENT AND LAMENTABLE Tragedie of ROMEO and IVLIET.

Enter Sampſon *and* Gregorie, *with Swords and Bucklers, of the Houſe of* Capulet.

Samp. Gregorie, on my word weele not carie Coles.
Greg. No, for then we ſhould be Collyers.
Samp. I meane, and we be in choller, weele draw.
Greg. I while you liue, drawe your Necke out of the Coller.
Samp. I ſtrike quickly being moued.
Greg. But thou art not quickly moued to ſtrike.
Samp. A dogge of the houſe of *Mountague* moues me.
Greg. To moue is to ſtirre, and to be valiant, is to ſtand, Therefore if thou art moued thou run'ſt away,
Samp. A dog of that houſe ſhall moue me to ſtand. I will take the wall of any Man or Maide of *Mountagues*,
Greg. That ſhewes thee a weake ſlaue, for the weakeſt goes to the wall.
Samp. Tis true, and therefore women being the weaker veſſels are euer thruſt to the wall: therefore I will puſh *Mountagues* men from the wall, and thruſt his Maides to the wall.
Greg. The quarrell is betweene our maſters, & vs their men.
Samp. Tis all one I will ſhew my ſelfe a tyrant, when I haue fought with the men, I will be cruell with the Maides, I will cut off their Heads.
Grego. The heads of the Maides.